

Good Morning 699

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

There was Printer's Ink on Thin Man's Fingers

QUITE recently, you may have noticed in the newspapers, a Serviceman got himself into trouble over forged banknotes into this country. The case threw my mind back to the forgery epidemic that broke out within three months of the close of World War No. 1.

The thing came on like a creeping paralysis, and it must be confessed that the Treasury notes of those days were asking for it. They were printed on paper about the thickness of good notepaper and they bore the facsimile signature of Sir John Bradbury. Therefore the notes were known as "Bradburys."

The only part of the note that was specially designed to defeat forgers was the watermark—ONE POUND.

I handled some of the forged notes. The difference between them and the good ones was very slight; so slight that many banks accepted the bad ones thinking they were good. When the Treasury were faced with the forgeries they sent an official over to Scotland Yard—with good and forged notes; and also with a complaint and a request for help. At that time the known forgeries amounted to about £10,000, and more were still coming in.

The information given the Yard was that is, the Criminal Investigation Department—was that the Treasury was planning new notes; but making new notes takes time. So out went a bunch of detectives, all more or less disguised, to find out the distributing points.

Within a week the officers had the key districts on their notebooks. One of the main ones was in Jermyn Street, near Piccadilly Circus, and the distributor was a man named Elliott.

folks, and Mother reports that they are looking grand, just as they were when you last saw them.

Only "bereavement" in the family is Toby the cat. He took a prolonged straying spell and hasn't shown up yet, so he's been posted missing, believed lost from a Coatsworth Road engagement.

He used to come down to the district and sell pound notes for ten shillings each. But that was only the beginning. Elliott sold his notes to men he knew; and they were the real distributors.

This is how they did it. Having got a load of notes from Elliott each man went to other districts to pass the notes off into circulation. Some of them went into tobacconists and bought a packet of cigarettes. Some toured certain streets—mainly shabby streets—where there were little shops—and bought cakes of soap.

Some even took their notes to places of amusements when the queues were thick and the cashiers hadn't time to look too closely. In at least two cases I know of a forged note was tendered for a box of matches!

In every case the change was taken in as much silver as possible until the packet of forgeries was disposed of; and then the passer went home, having earned his evening's "wage."

The police soon discovered all this; but although they could have laid hands on Elliott and his gang, they didn't. The police were after the printer; and that was the tough nut.

Elliott was an ex-convict. He knew most of the tricks about disappearing. He changed his address almost every week. Often Treasury was planning new notes; the police lost him, after chasing him in taxis, trams and buses. But sure as a gun he came back to Jermyn Street every Friday night and handed out his packets of notes to the smaller men. It was always on Friday evening.

The police wanted more than the printer. They wanted proof that Elliott was handing out notes for passing; and a special detective, who looked like a foreigner, was told off to buy some from him. The cop was given a handful of genuine notes to work the trick.

It took him some time before he could approach Elliott. He had to show himself as a loiterer, as a likely and not very innocent buyer. In a word, he had to make it appear to Elliott that he was not what he was.

In a week or two the detective

was able to approach Elliott direct on a Friday night. But Elliott was suspicious. He at first denied he had forgeries, then the detective had to use his wits and prove he was "on the make"; and at last he bought a few forged one-pound notes.

And then—Elliott watched. He watched to such good effect that the detective, keeping up the pose, had to go into some small shops and buy trifles. For Elliott would have known, had he not done so, that it was a trap.

The detective was faced with a queer situation. If he passed forged notes he himself was committing a crime. He kept the forged ones and spent the good ones in his possession; and he arrived back at his headquarters very late that Friday night, with a pocketful of silver and so many cakes of soap and matchboxes that it took him some time to lay them out on his chief's desk.

But he had shaken Elliott off his trail, and that was something. He was ordered to keep going until he had Elliott's confidence. He kept going for weeks. I am not giving away any secrets when I say that the C.I.D. spent over £1,000 trailing Elliott and buying his notes, and yet there was nothing to show for it. The printer was still a mystery.

By this time about £60,000 worth of notes had been forged. It was a hard job for Detective Dave Smith. He knew he must not ask Elliott any questions, or Elliott would have sniffed danger. So he kept his ears open instead of his mouth. One Friday night, after getting his fake notes, he stayed in the back room which Elliott used for distribution. There was some gambling going on—with real notes.

A roulette board was doing big business. Everybody was smoking and the atmosphere was as thick as after a smoke-bomb has burst. There were men coming and going; and then the detective noticed a small, thin man enter.

The small, thin man went towards the roulette board and lit a cigarette; and the detective saw that his fingers were stained with printer's ink!

Elliott did not take any notice of this man who began to put down stakes on the table. The detective was also staking—and watching. After a few stakes the small, thin man left. He had lost every time.

No, Detective Smith did not follow him. He continued staking money, and at last he, too, gave up. He lit his pipe and nodded to Elliott with a laugh. They passed a remark or two about luck on the board and then the detective said casually, "That thin chap wasn't long at the board. Isn't he a clerk in a betting office?"

Elliott said, "No." "I'm sure he is. I remember seeing him in your office. His name is Dixon." "Will you gamble on it?" grinned Elliott.

They were gambling on anything, and the detective said he would have a go. He laid down a pound note—a genuine one. "You've lost," replied Elliott. "That man's name is Williams, and he's a printer."

The detective tried to look crestfallen. He got out of the room a little later. And that night the chiefs of the C.I.D. were looking up directories for the printer Williams. Every station in London was telephoned to, or wired to, and before very long came back the answer that in Highgate

The watch lasted for a week, and then, on the following Friday evening, just after dark, someone was seen by a street lamp to open the stable gate and go inside.

Down came the police from the hired room. Others joined them in the street, and the raid was on.



"Bein' the local butcher, they say she's only marryin' him for his liver!"

When Williams saw the police at his door he did not resist. He fell down in a faint!

Inside the stable was a mass of machinery for forging notes. Bank notes were still damp on the press. It was a long stretch for Williams, and his father who worked with him, that awaited them at their trial. And Elliott was "lifted" too and went back to penal servitude.

The C.I.D. took Sir John Bradbury to the stable next day, and Sir John fed the machine with paper while Mr. McKenna, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, turned the press handle.

This was the first time that a Chancellor of the Exchequer helped to forge bank notes. But those made in this way were cancelled right away. And the C.I.D. had stopped forging once again.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about "GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
"Good Morning"
c/o Dept. of C. N. I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



Postman's Knock Brings News for L.S. Jack Carter

MRS. Carter has a lot of news for you, Leading Seaman Jack Carter. The knocker at 81 Chichester Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne, has been going non-stop since Dick's friends started coming back from P.O.W. camps in Germany and Poland, and your mother just loves to see them, as you can guess!

Most intriguing piece of news from the Gateshead home front, round the corner at Clement Street, is that Winnie MacGargie is married. She's now the wife of a Petty Officer, Tommy Carson by name, an Irishman, from Belfast, whom she met while she was on her war-time

nursing job, and the two flew from Belfast for the wedding. They were married at St. Joseph's, and your mother and father were there and at the reception at Winnie's home afterwards.

They both had a real fine time, and it did your mother good to get out and enjoy herself after a spell of "not feeling too good," as she puts it! Dad, by the way, is just waiting for you to come home to have the frothiest pint the "Hen and Chicks" can produce put on the counter before you!

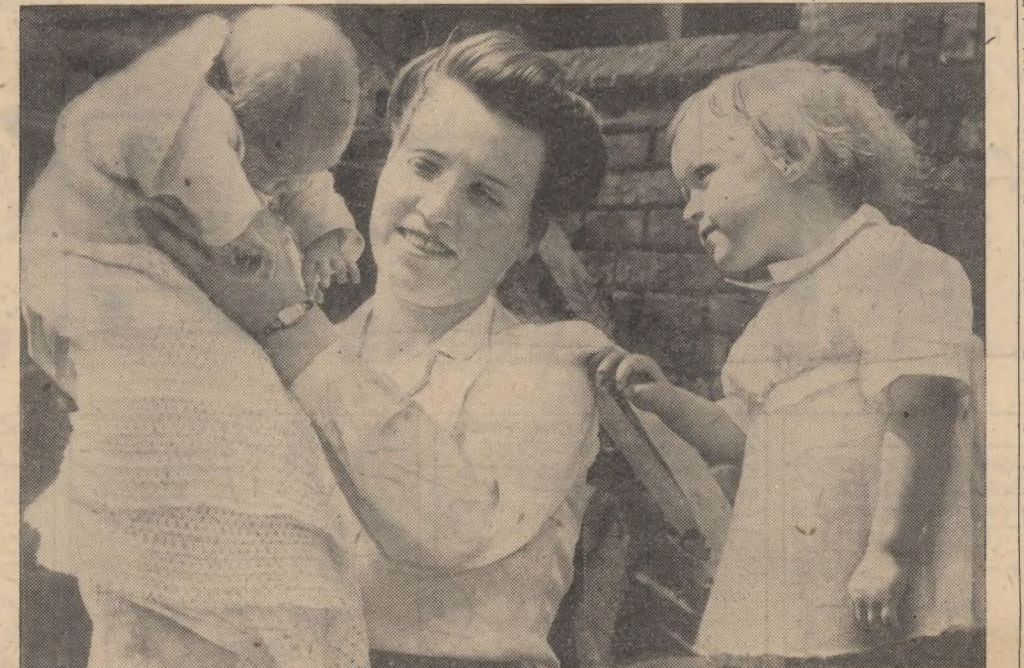
Charlie Baptist, Victor Wallace and Artie Wilson have all come back from P.O.W. camps and been round to see the old

Greeting—A.B. (Uncle) Len Bethell

HOW do you like your six months' old nephew, A.B. Len Bethell? From her expression on the picture, Janice seems to think he's O.K. doesn't she? May says that Janice is so proud of him . . . she shows him to everyone who comes into the house. "My new bruvver," is her favourite expression now.

As you probably know already, the new arrival to the Boardman family has been named Raymond—but do you know he has the biggest blue eyes and that his hair is gradually turning into a lovely golden tint? He really is the bonniest of babies, Len—a nephew for any Uncle to be proud of.

The twins were home recently to spend their first leave together. Wilf was the first to walk through the door of 70 Kemp Street, Fleetwood. He came at 6 a.m. on Friday morning and got everyone up extra specially early.



Two hours later, through the same door walked Jack, straight from his ship. The pair of them had a ten-day leave pass in their pockets. We'll leave it to you,

Len, to imagine just how they spent that leave! One whale of a time . . . Blackpool, Fleetwood, and Blackpool again. Gran says they

were broke every night, but nobody seemed to mind very much, least of all the twins. The whole family join in wishing you all the best.

CURING A COLD

By MARK TWAIN

Mark Twain (which wasn't his family name) has been regarded as the greatest humorist America ever produced. You may not like his style, but you can't deny his humour.

IT is a good thing, perhaps, to try to deceive him. Let the public do itself the honour to read my experience in doctoring a cold, as herein set forth, and then follow in my footsteps.

The latter is the sole object of this address. If it prove the means of restoring to health my constitution, one solitary sufferer among my race, of lighting up once more the fire of hope and joy in his articles was a matter of no great faded eyes, of bringing back his dead heart again the quick, a mother or a sister, or a distant generous impulses of other days, young female relative in it, to I shall be amply rewarded for my remind you, by putting your labour; my soul will be permeated with the sacred delight a Christian feels when he has done a good, unselfish deed.

Having led a pure blameless life, I am justified in believing that no man who knows me will reject the suggestions I am about to make, out of fear that I am

When the White House was burned in Virginia, I lost my home, my constitution, my trunk. The loss of the two first-named was a matter of no great consequence, since a home without a mother or a sister, or a distant young female relative in it, to be reminded of, by putting your soiled linen out of sight, and taking your boots down off the mantel-piece, that there are those who think about you and care for you, is easily obtained. And I cared nothing for the loss of my happiness because, not being a poet, it could not be possible that melancholy would abide with me long.

But to lose a good constitution and a better trunk were serious misfortunes.

On the day of the fire my constitution succumbed to a severe cold caused by undue exertion in getting ready to do something. I suffered to no purpose, too, because the plan I was figuring at for the extinguishing of the fire was so elaborate that I never got it completed until the middle of the following week.

The first time I began to sneeze a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water and go to bed. I did so. Shortly afterwards, another friend advised me to get up and take a cold shower-bath. I did that also.

Within the hour, another friend assured me that it was policy to "feed a cold and starve a fever." I had both. So I thought it best to fill myself up for the cold, and then keep dark and let the fever starve awhile.

In a case of this kind, I seldom do things by halves; I ate pretty heartily; I conferred my custom upon a stranger who had just opened his restaurant that morning; he waited near me in respectful silence until I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired if the people about Virginia were much afflicted with colds?

I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign.

I started down towards the office, and on the way encountered another bosom friend, who told me that a quart of salt water, taken warm, would come as near

curing a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it anyhow.

The result was surprising. I believe I threw up my immortal soul.

Now, as I am giving my experience only for the benefit of those who are troubled with the distemper I am speaking about, I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning them against following such portions as happened along, I went on of it as proved inefficient with me, borrowing handkerchiefs again and acting upon this conviction, blowing them to atoms, as had

If I had another cold in the head, and there was no course left me but to take either an earthquake or a quart of warm salt water, I would take my chances on the earthquake.

After the storm which had been raging in my stomach had subsided, and no more good Samaritans happening along, I went on borrowing handkerchiefs again and blowing them to atoms, as had

been my custom in the early stages of my cold, until I came across a lady who had just arrived from over the plains, and who said she had lived in a part of the country where doctors were scarce, and had from necessity acquired considerable skill in the treatment of simple "family complaints."

I knew she must have had much experience, for she appeared to be a hundred and fifty years old.

She mixed a decoction composed of molasses, aquafortis, turpentine, and various other drugs, and instructed me to take a wine-glass full of it every fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose; that was enough; it robbed me of all moral principle, and awoke every unworthy impulse of my nature.

Under its malign influence my brain conceived miracles of meanness, but my hands were too feeble to execute them; at that time, had it not been that my strength had surrendered to a succession of assaults from infallible remedies for my cold, I am satisfied that I would have tried to rob the graveyard.

Like most other people, I often feel mean, and act accordingly; but until I took that medicine I had never revelled in such supernatural depravity and felt proud of it.

At the end of two days I was ready to go to doctoring again. I took a few more unflinching remedies, and finally drove my cold from my head to my lungs. I got to coughing incessantly, (Continued on Page 3)



"The show 'won't go on until the leading lady finds her teeth!"

QUIZ for today

1. What is the common name of way-bread?
2. What is the difference between an English and a U.S.A. hundredweight?
3. How should you play a piece of music marked "allegro"?
4. How should you pronounce

(a) the town, (b) the personal name, of Beaumont? 5. Of what is the jack in bowls made? 6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Cider, Tea, Water, Milk, Ale, Coffee, Stout.

Answers to Quiz in No. 698

1. Duck-shooting.
2. Wool.
3. Slowly.
4. Be-ver.
5. Ash.
6. Red is a primary colour; others aren't.

TRUE OR FALSE?

THAT A MAD DOG DREADS WATER.

IN ALL the best stories a dog with hydrophobia is spotted because it cannot bear the sight of water, and goes into convulsions. In real life, a dog with hydrophobia drinks water greedily in the early stages of the terrible disease.

In the last stages, it cannot drink because of a constriction of the throat, but it does not show fear of water and, on the contrary, continues to try to drink.

Hydrophobia is now, fortunately, exceedingly rare in man, but in those cases where it does occur it is true that in the later stages the victim is not only unable to drink, but that the spasm of the muscles of swallowing, following the attempt, is so terrible that a dread of water builds up, and the sight of water or even the sound of it being poured is sufficient to produce a paroxysm.

There are other incorrect ideas about hydrophobia. A mad dog, for instance, does not foam at the mouth.

The idea probably originated through the saliva, not increased in amount, clinging to the mouth and becoming viscous.

Another notion sometimes heard is that a man who has been bitten by a mad dog, and developed hydrophobia, starts barking like a dog.

This probably originated from the very noisy expiration which comes towards the end of the disease, when there is difficulty in breathing.

It has, of course, nothing to do with the dog and would be present if the hydrophobia had been caught from a sheep or a bird.

THE THINGS PEOPLE DO

REMEMBER the British Expedition to Lhasa, the forbidden city of Tibet? Well, maybe it was a bit before your time. It happened in 1903-4, in the days when wars weren't such "all-out" affairs.

But ex-Sergeant John Hewitt, of New Compton Street, London, remembers it well enough. He was there, and he holds the medal for it—one of the most exclusive decorations in the world.

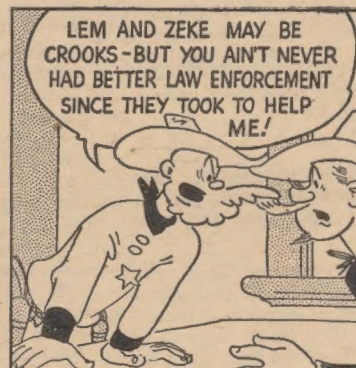
You'll find him of an evening in the bar of his Soho "local," but you may find it difficult to get him to tell the story of that historic march when he was a lance-corporal in the Royal Fusiliers.

In spite of having served in the last war (he has the Mons Medal and bar) and being blitzed out of his home in 1940, he is still hale and hearty.

His medals were among the few bits and pieces he rescued from the bomb damage.

Five of his sons are in the Army. The remaining son is a Metropolitan policeman.

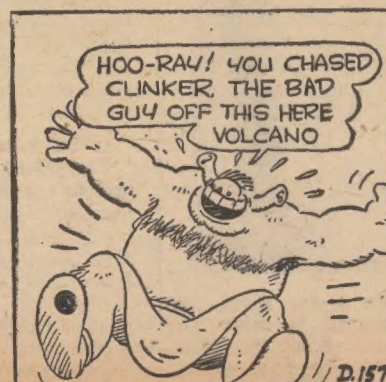
BELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 639

- 1. Behead an illicit apparatus and get a depository for coins.
- 2. Insert the same letter six times and make sense of: There is an s in middle in n c l e's s t d y.
- 3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: MAKE into MEND.
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: I hate dogs in the garden; the — always dig up all my bulbs and —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 638

- 1. P-rime.
- 2. Once the door is open no one can stop you.
- 3. WOOL, pool, poor, boor, boar, soar, spar, spat, spit, SUIT.
- 4. Snub, buns.

JANE

CURING A COLD

(Continued from Page 2)

and my voice fell below zero; I conversed in a thundering bass, two octaves below my natural tone.

I could only compass my regular nightly repose by coughing myself down to a state of utter exhaustion, and then the moment I began to talk in my sleep my discordant voice woke me up again.

My case grew more and more serious every day. Plain gin was recommended; I took it. Then gin and molasses; I took that also. Then gin and onions; I added the onions, and took all three.

I detected no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a buzzard's.

I found I had to travel for my health. I went to Lake Bigler and with my reportorial comrade, My breast and back were bared, Wilson. It is gratifying to me to reflect that we travelled in con-

siderable style; we went in the Pioneer coach, and my friend took all his luggage with him, consisting of two excellent silk handkerchiefs and daguerreotype of his grand-mother.

We sailed and hunted and fished and danced all day, and I doctored my cough all night.

By managing in this way, I made out to improve every hour in the twenty-four. But my disease continued to grow worse.

A sheet-bath was recommended. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to commence then.

Therefore I determined to take a sheet-bath, notwithstanding I had no idea what sort of arrangement it was.

It was administered at midnight, and the weather was very frosty. A nigger gwyne to git killed wid jess and a sheet (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it) soaked in

ice-water was wound around me until I resembled a swab for a tance, who, for reasons best known to herself, don't see you when she looks at you, and don't know you when she does see you, it is the most uncomfortable thing in the den violence and gasp for breath, world.

But as I was saying, when the sheet-bath failed to cure my cough, a lady friend recommended the application of a mustard plaster to my breast.

I believe that would have cured me effectually, if it had not been for young Wilson. When I went to bed I put my mustard plaster—which was a very gorgeous one, eighteen inches square—being drowned. He floundered where I could reach it when I around, though, and finally rose up out of the water considerably strangled and furiously angry, and started ashore at once, spouting water like a whale, and remarking, with great asperity, that would have eaten me if I had been healthy.

After sojourning a week at Lake Bigler, I went to Steamboat Springs, and beside the

steam baths, I took a lot of the vilest medicines that were ever concocted.

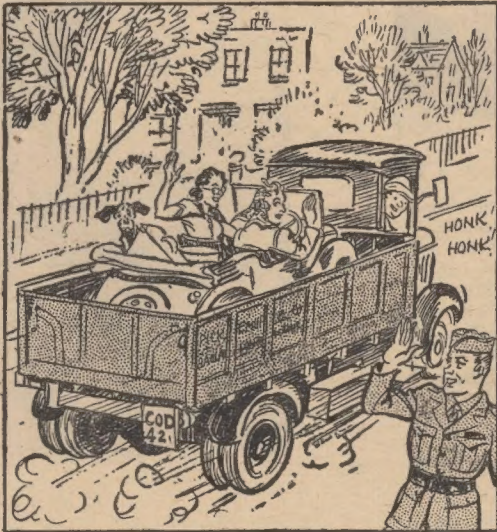
They would have cured me, but I had to go back to Virginia, where, notwithstanding the variety of new remedies I absorbed every day, I managed to aggravate my disease by carelessness and undue exposure.

I finally concluded to visit San Francisco, and the first day I got there, a lady at the Lick House told me to drink a quart of whisky every twenty-four hours, and a friend at the Occidental recommended precisely the same course.

Each advised me to take a quart; that made half a gallon. I did it and still live.

Now, with the kindest motives in the world, I offer for the consideration of consumptive patients the variegated course of treatment I have lately gone through. Let them try it; if it don't cure, it can't more than kill them.

THE END



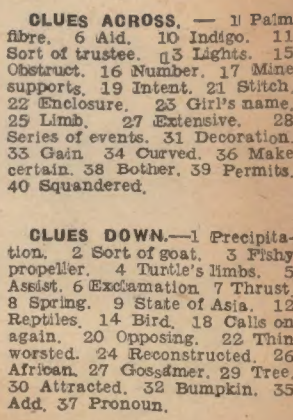
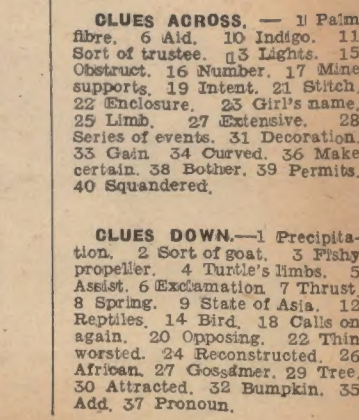
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CROSS-WORD CORNER

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C | O | G | N | O | M | E | N | S | T |
| F | L | A | N | M | A | T | C | H | |
| S | T | O | P | V | I | G | O | R | |
| P | E | W | C | A | N | W | E | E | |
| A | N | E | M | O | N | E | S | A | |
| N | R | U | N | N | O | B | T | | |
| I | F | D | I | S | C | L | O | S | E |
| A | L | L | F | I | E | T | A | N | |
| R | E | A | D | E | R | T | H | U | S |
| D | E | M | U | R | B | E | E | T | |
| S | B | E | S | M | E | A | R | E | D |

| | | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| 10 | | | | 11 | 12 | | | |
| 13 | | | | 14 | | | 15 | |
| 16 | | | | 17 | | | 18 | |
| | 19 | 20 | | | 21 | | | |
| 22 | | | | | 23 | | 24 | |
| | | 25 | 26 | | 27 | | | |
| 28 | 29 | | | 30 | | | 31 | 32 |
| 33 | | | 34 | | | | 35 | |
| 36 | | | 37 | | | 38 | | |
| 39 | | | | 40 | | | | |

CLUES ACROSS. — 1 Palm fibre. 6 Aid. 10 Indigo. 11 Sort of trustee. 13 Lights. 15 Obstruct. 16 Number. 17 Mine support. 19 Intent. 21 Stitch. 22 Enclosure. 23 Girl's name. 25 Limb. 27 Extensive. 28 Series of events. 31 Decoration. 33 Gain. 34 Curved. 36 Make certain. 38 Bother. 39 Permits. 40 Squandered.

CLUES DOWN. — 1 Precipitation. 2 Sort of goat. 3 Fishy propeller. 4 Turtle's limbs. 5 Assist. 6 Exclamation. 7 Thrust. 8 Spring. 9 State of Asia. 12 Reptiles. 14 Bird. 18 Calls on again. 20 Opposing. 22 Thin worsted. 24 Reconstructed. 26 African. 27 Gossamer. 29 Tree. 30 Attracted. 32 Bumpkin. 35 Add. 37 Pronoun.



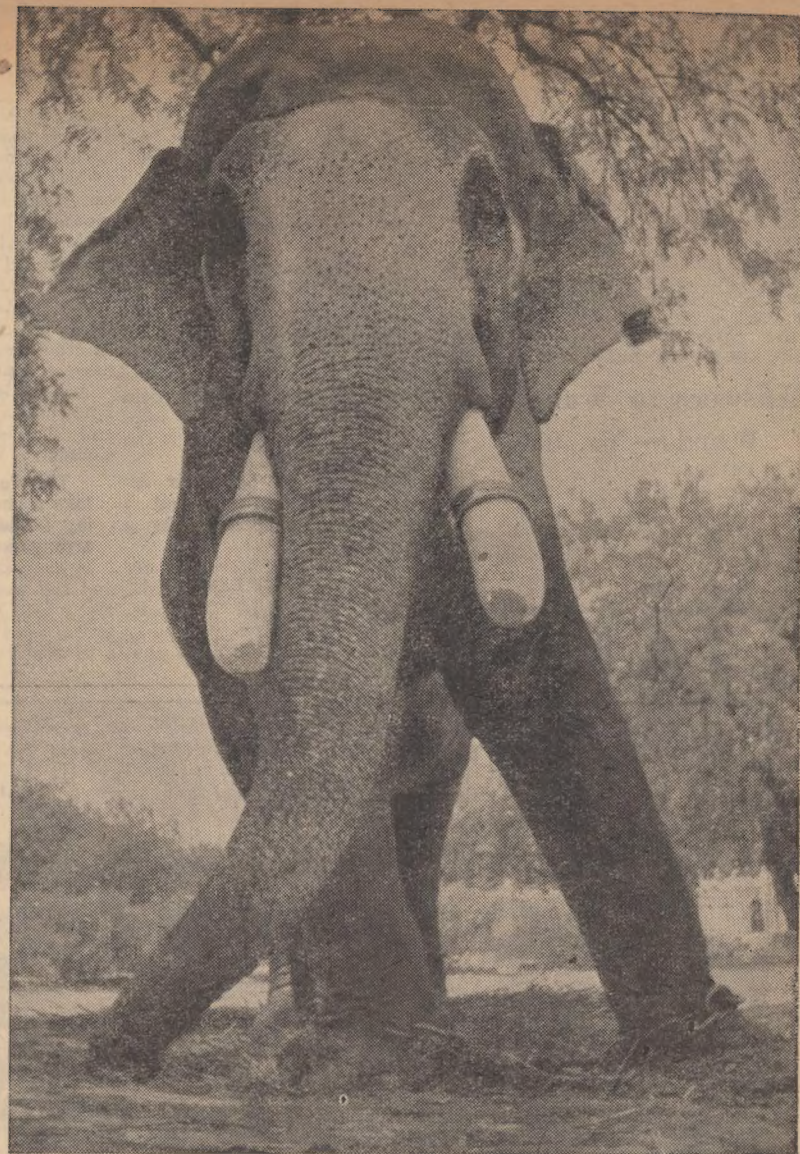
★ LAND OF OUR FATHERS. ★
This old Welsh castle dominates Conway, Monmouthshire. A lot has happened since those old walls were first painfully built — not the least surprising of which is the railway running beneath the keep.



This could be a submarine depot ship. But it's most unlikely, for the following three reasons : (1) As far as we can discover, it sails up and down the rivers of Batavia (we've not discovered where Batavia is yet !) (2) It's unlikely that submarines, in any quantity, are found under the waters of Batavian rivers. (3) There doesn't appear to be anywhere for C.E.R.A. Fink to dish out sippers.



SYRUP OF QUILLS?
The young man, in one of Sir Malcolm Campbell's cast-off racing cars, is a Siamese Medicine Seller. The tame porcupine riding on the rumble seat is to attract customers. We must see what our own Sawbones can do about this !



We are told that this elephant is the favourite of the Maharajah of Alwar. We always thought that Maharajahs' favourites looked somehow different — and lived in 2nd-floor suites at the Savoy. But it seems we were wrong yet again !

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Just never know where I'll turn up next!"



★ "Stand up, Miss Jergens, please. Ah, thank you, Miss Jergens." It's just as we thought, blokes, Adele Jergens is divinely tall as well as divinely fair. So, as she's officially called "The Eyeful," we propose to re-christen her "The Eyeful Tower." (Oh, very good !)